



# Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám

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# RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

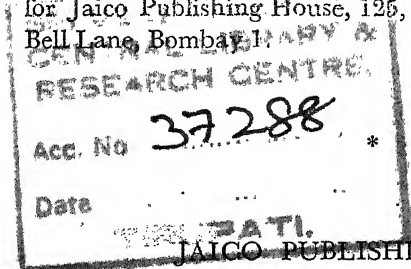
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It contains the complete text of Edward  
FitzGerald's first and fifth versions.

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## INTRODUCTION

WHEN he was born at Naishapur in Khorassan, some time ~~during~~ the latter half of the 11th century, he was called Ghiyáthuddin Abulfath Omar bin Ibráhim Al-Khayyámi. Reduced to its practical origins, the sonorous syllables indicated nothing more than that the child was the son of one Abraham, or Ibráhim, the tentmaker. The boy, familiarly known as Omar, seems to have followed his father's trade. From tent-making he graduated to science and mathematics, and in his day he was far better known as a mathematician and astronomer than as a poet. He wrote a standard work on algebra; he revised the astronomical tables; he prompted the Persian Sultan Malik-Shah to make a drastic reform of the calendar.

During the few intervals when he was free of his computations, Omar indulged himself in the pleasures of poetry. He celebrated two intoxicants: verse and the vine. Before he died in 1123 he had composed some five hundred epigrams in quatrains, or rubais, peculiar in rhyme and pungent in effect. The stanzas were, for the most part, independent; they embodied a terse and self-contained idea. But they were connected, if not unified, by a central philosophy: a vigorous, free-thinking hedonism, a casual but frank appeal to enjoy the pleasures of life without too much reflection.



For six centuries Omar's work was unknown to the western world. It remained for a secluded English country gentleman to establish the Persian poet-mathematician among the glories of literature. Edward FitzGerald was born in the village of Bredfield on March 31, 1809, into a well-to-do family. Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became a friend of Thackeray, FitzGerald did the leisurely studying and traveling which was expected of him, cultivated music and botany, and, even as a young man, was relieved when he was permitted to retire to the Suffolk countryside. There he settled himself quietly, devoted his days to his friends and his flowers, and led a pleasantly unproductive life until his late forties.

In his fiftieth year, FitzGerald published a little paper-bound pamphlet of translations which he called *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*. The Pamphlet was published anonymously; it attracted little attention. A year later, in 1860, the poets Swinburne and Rossetti discovered the poem. But, legend to the contrary, the work did not thereupon leap into popularity. Eight years passed before a second edition seemed advisable.

Suddenly the poem became a favorite; the care-free quatrains of the eleventh-century Persian were used as a challenge by the nineteenth-century undergraduates, repeated by rebellious lovers, and flung out as a credo by the men and women who were growing restless if not yet insurrectionary. There

had always been an undercurrent of protest against the rigid moral earnestness of the period. The *Rubáiyát* served as a small but concentrated expression of the revolt against Victorian conventions, the prevailing smugness, the false acquiescence and hypocritical prudery. Religion had been confronted by science; noble ideals had come into conflict with practical necessity; roaring machinery was threatening to dispel the once pervasive "sweetness and light." The "message" of FitzGerald's *Rubáiyát* was something of a slogan and something of an escape; it turned imperial commercialism to an idealized paganism. Half-defiantly, half desperately the younger men and women made FitzGerald-Omar a vogue. Perhaps the most quoted quatrain of the century was:

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Here was an infectious panacea, half tonic, half opiate. It was not so much a compromise of values as a combination of desirables: an avoidance of ordinary existence and a participation in a richer, if somewhat unreal, life. This was the opposite of Mrs. Grundy's middle-class taboos; this was a very denial of negations. "Wine, woman, and song" were affirmed and glorified in a mounting paeon of pleasure. A Persian

*Ecclesiastes*, through the medium of a staid English squire, assured a perplexed generation that all was vanity; that the glories of this world are better than Paradise to come; that it is wise to take the cash and let the credit go; that life is a meaningless game played by helpless pieces; that worldly ambitions turn into ashes; that in the end—an end which comes all too quickly—wine is a more trustworthy friend and a better comforter than all the philosophers.

Thrust into undesired notice by *The Rubáiyát*, FitzGerald attempted to live up to his reputation for a while. He published translations of the *Agamemnon* and the two *Oedipus* tragedies of Sophocles; he wrote a biography of Bernard Barton, his father-in-law and friend of Charles Lamb; he made a compilation of the homely verse of George Crabbe entitled *Readings from Crabbe*. But he was not designed to be an Eminent Victorian. He was, even among retired gentlemen, unusually reticent, “an idle fellow, one whose friendship were more like loves,” and his wit was kept for private communications. It was not until the letters of “Old Fitz” were published that FitzGerald’s personal charm was revealed. He sank back into semi-obscurity as though it were a comfortable couch, and died, almost a quarter of a century after the publication of *The Rubáiyát*, on June 14, 1883. His end was characteristically calm. He slipped from life painlessly, almost imperceptibly.

Appreciation of Omar-FitzGerald continued to grow. Tennyson wrote a reminiscent poem lauding

the "golden Eastern lay" of "that large infidel, your Omar," and hoping that FitzGerald would welcome the verses not so much for their own sake as a tribute from

. . . one recalling gracious times,  
When, in our younger London days,  
You found some merit in my rhymes,  
And I more pleasure in your praise.

*The Persian poem which seven centuries had neglected came to life as a permanent part of English literature. Elihu Vedder emphasized, and even overstressed, its allegorical implications with his famous symbolic drawings. Translations appeared in German, Italian, French, Danish, and Hungarian. Liza Lehmann's song cycle In a Persian Garden was a performer's show-piece and a popular favorite at the turn of the century. Omar became a cult; commentators placed him at the head of a "literature of agnosticism." The quatrains were enthusiastically, if inconsistently, compared to the choruses in the Greek dramas, the hopeless outcries of Job, and the irresponsible drinking-songs of Anacreon. It is said that when Thomas Hardy lay dying in his eighty-eighth year, he asked to have one particular stanza read to him. It was the verse which runs:*

O Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,  
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:  
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man  
Is blackened—Man's forgiveness give—and take!

*No longer dependent upon the vagaries of a period or the tricks of fashion, The Rubáiyát has outlived cults and commentaries. It has had its influences and imitators. Its spirit is reflected in Housman's A Shropshire Lad, in which fortitude and fatalism are pitted against each other and finally reconciled. Omar might well have applauded the Shropshire lad's conclusion that*

*. . . malt does more than Milton can  
To justify God's way to man—*

*And he would have smiled at Housman's summary in his Last Poems:*

*The troubles of our proud and angry dust  
Are from eternity, and shall not fail.*

*Bear them we can, and if we can we must.*

*Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink your ale.*

*But the grim philosophy scarcely matters. The cynicism may be persistent; the mood may be (as FitzGerald himself said) "a desperate sort of thing at the bottom of all thinking men's minds." But the tune is so gay that even the pessimism seems blithe. The quick but melodic turns of the poem "tease us out of thought." We may argue about the meaning, but we are indisputably compelled and even convinced by the music.*

*—LOUIS UNTERMEYER*

Elizabethtown  
Adirondack Mountains  
New York

RUBAIYAT OF  
OMAR KHAYYÁM

*Edward FitzGerald's First Version*

I

Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night  
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight  
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught  
The Sultán's Turret in a Noose of Light.

*Stone*—Flinging a stone into a cup was the desert signal  
“To horse!”





Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky  
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,  
    "Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup  
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry."

*Dawn's Left Hand*—False dawn, a nebulous light on the horizon about an hour before dawn.



### III

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before  
The Tavern shouted—"Open then the Door.

You know how little while we have to stay,  
And, once departed, may return no more."



Now the New Year reviving old Desires,  
 The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,  
     Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough  
 Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

*New Year*—The New Year is here conceived, as in most old calendars, as beginning at the vernal equinox (March 21).  
*White Hand of Moses*—In the Koran Moses draws forth his hand and it becomes magically white; and thus the bough whitens with blossoms perhaps.  
*Jesus*—According to Persians, Jesus' breath had healing power.



Irám indeed is gone with all its Rose,  
And Jamshýd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one  
knows;

But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields,  
And still a Garden by the Water blows.

*Irám*—A sumptuous city now buried somewhere beneath the sands of Arabia.

*Jamshýd*—A legendary Persian king; his was a golden divining cup whose seven rings symbolized the seven heavens, seven planets, seven seas, and which contained the elixir of life.





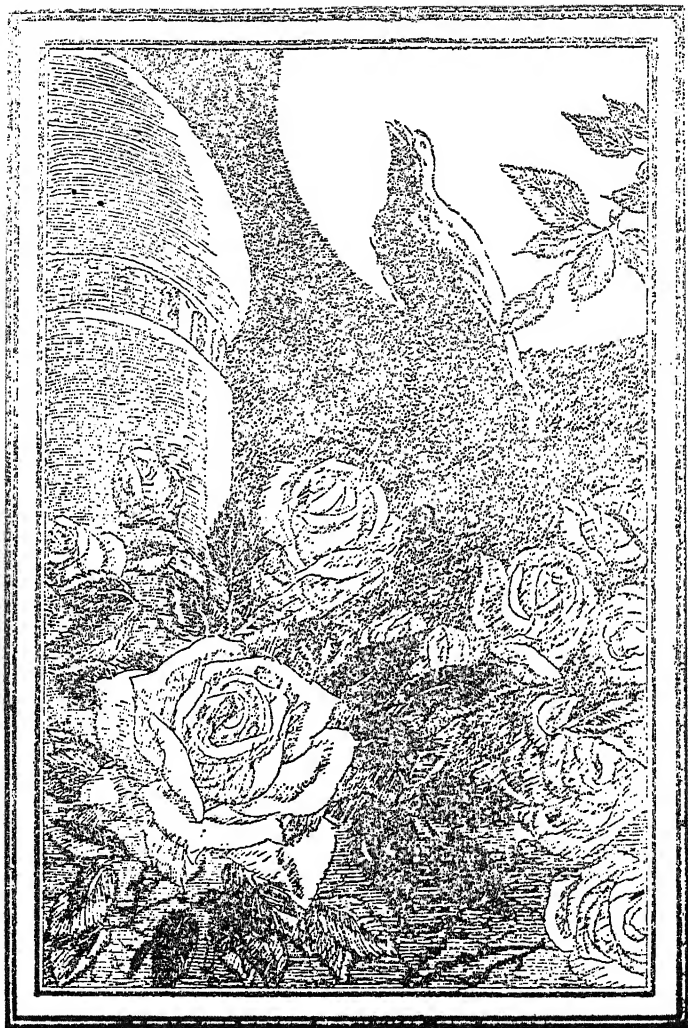
VI

And David's Lips are lock't; but in divine  
High piping Pélevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!

*Red Wine!*"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose  
That yellow Cheek of hers to incarnadine.

*David*—He is mentioned in the Koran as a singer and is, of course, the Psalmist of the Bible; therefore, David's lips is an apt figure here.

*Pélevi*—An old Persian language.



Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spirit  
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling  
The Bird of Time has but a little way  
To fly—and Lo! The Bird is on the Wing.



VIII

And look—a thousand Blossoms with the Day  
Woke—and a thousand scatter'd into Clay:  
And this first Summer Month that brings the  
Rose  
Shall take Jamshýd and Kaikobád away.

[*Kaikobád*—A semihistorical Persian warrior-king.]



But come with old Khayyám, and leave the Lot  
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú forgot:

Let Rustum lay about him as he will,  
Or Hátim Tai cry Supper—heed them not.

*Kaikhosrú*—A legendary Persian king.

*Rustam*—A legendary Persian warrior, noted for his great exploits.

*Hátim Tai*—A Mohammedan poet renowned for his open-handed generosity.





With me along some Strip of Herbage strown  
That just divides the desert from the sown,  
Where name of Slave and Sultán scarce is  
known,  
And pity Sultán Máhmúd on his Throne.

*Máhmúd*—Sultán of Ghazni (971?-1029), a Mohammedan conqueror. His realms lay in present-day Afghanistan.



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Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough  
 A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou  
 Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
 And Wilderness is Paradise enow.



XII

**“How sweet is mortal Sovranty!”—think some:  
Others—“How blest the Paradise to come!”**

**Ah, take the Cash in hand and waive the Rest  
Oh, the brave Music of a *distant* Drum!**

***Cash*—Present experiences.**

***Rest*—The future.**



Look to the Rose that blows about us—"Lo,  
Laughing," she says, "into the World I blow:  
At once the silken Tassel of my Purse  
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

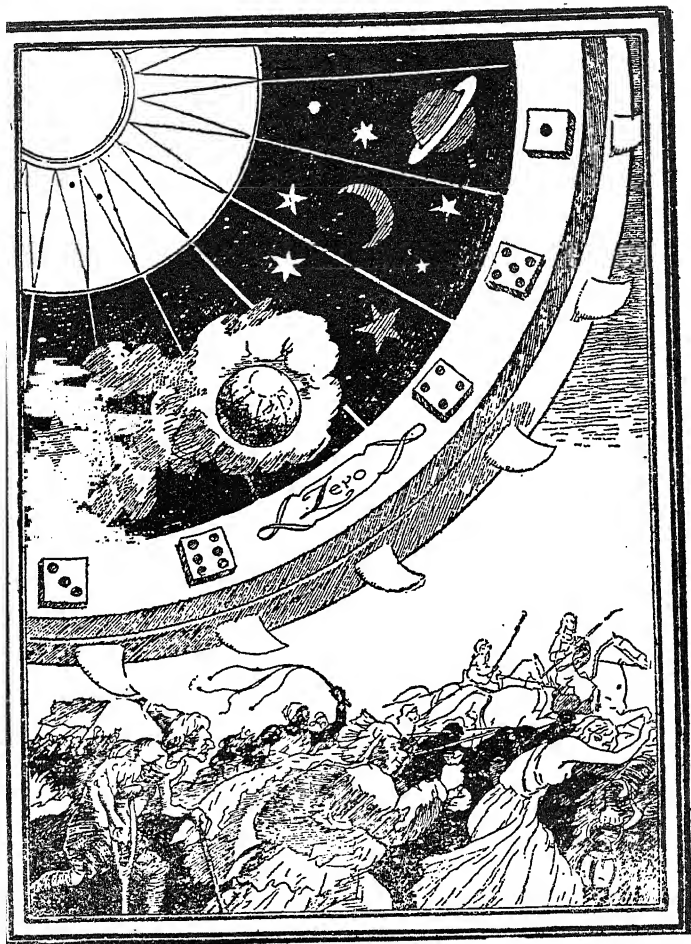
*Silken Tassel*—The golden center of the rose.





XIV

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon  
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,  
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face  
Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone.

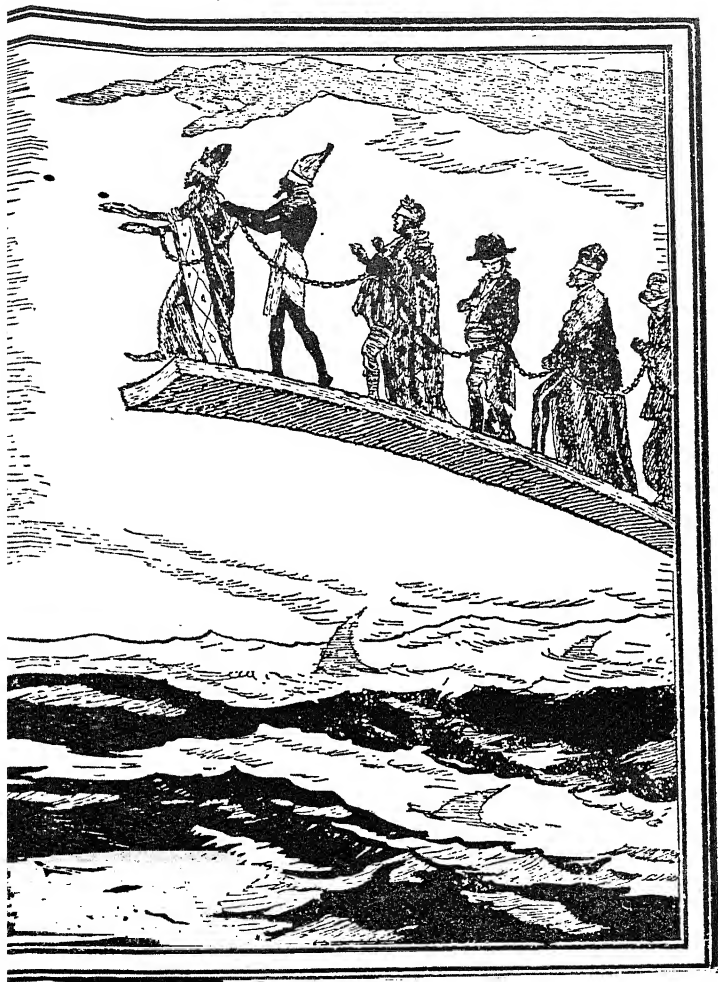


xv

And those who husbanded the Golden Grain,  
And those who flung it to the Winds like Rain  
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd  
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.



Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai  
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,  
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp  
Abode his Hour or two, and went his way.



XVII

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep  
The Courts where Jamshýd gloried and drank  
deep:

And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass  
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep.

*Courts*—The Throne of Jamshyd, the limestone platform of the main palace of Persepolis.

*Bahrám*—A Persian king of the Sassanian dynasty who perished in a bog while pursuing his favorite quarry, a wild ass.





XVIII

I sometimes think that never blows so red  
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;  
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears  
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.



XIX

And this delightful Herb whose tender Green  
Fledge's the River's Lip on which we lean—

Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows  
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!



XX

Ah! my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears  
TO-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears—  
    *To-morrow?*—Why, To-morrow I may be  
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

*Sev'n Thousand Years*—A thousand years to each of the  
seven planets.



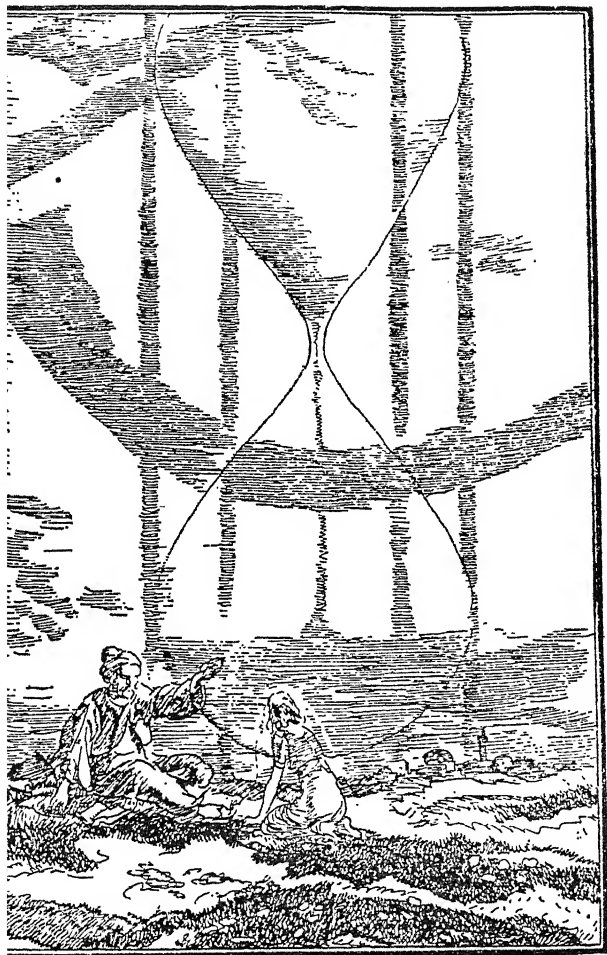
Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and the best  
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,  
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,  
And one by one crept silently to Rest.





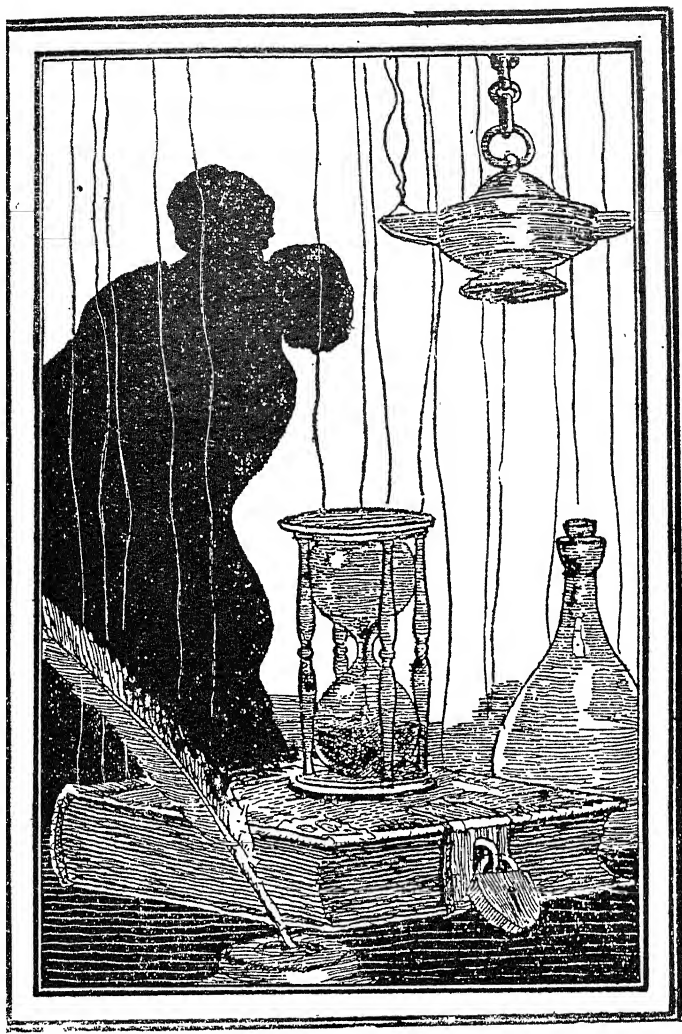
XXII

And we, that now make merry in the Room  
They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,  
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth  
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?



XXIII

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,  
Before we too into the Dust Descend;  
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,  
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer and—sans End!

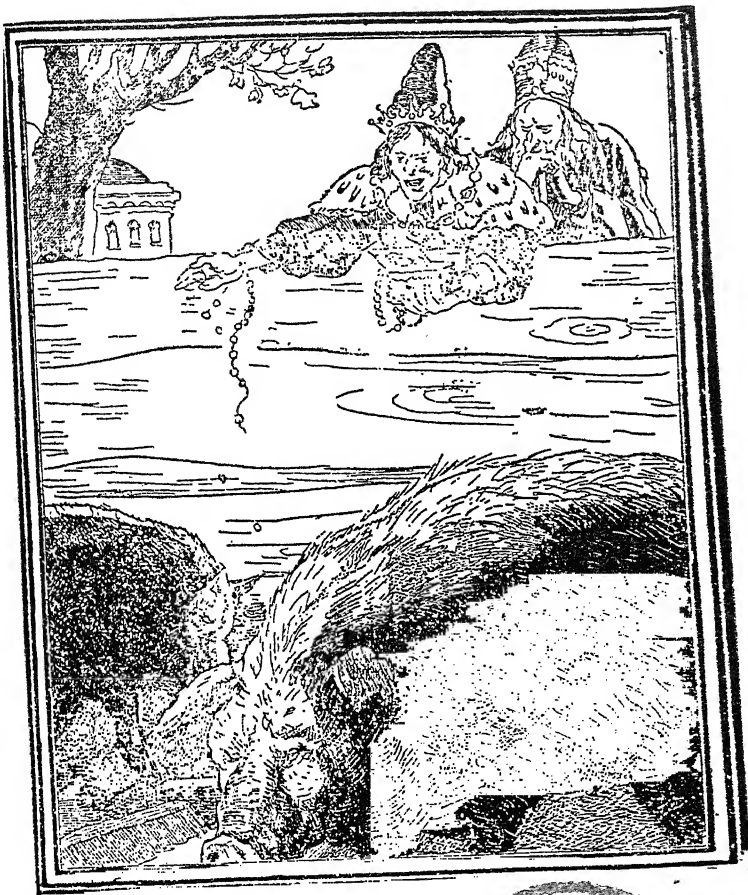


Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare,  
And those that after a TO-MORROW stare,  
A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries  
“Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There.”

*Muezzín*—A Mohammedan who cries the hour of prayer.

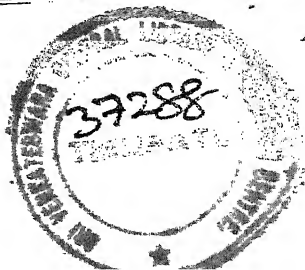


Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd  
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust  
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to  
Scorn  
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with  
Dust.



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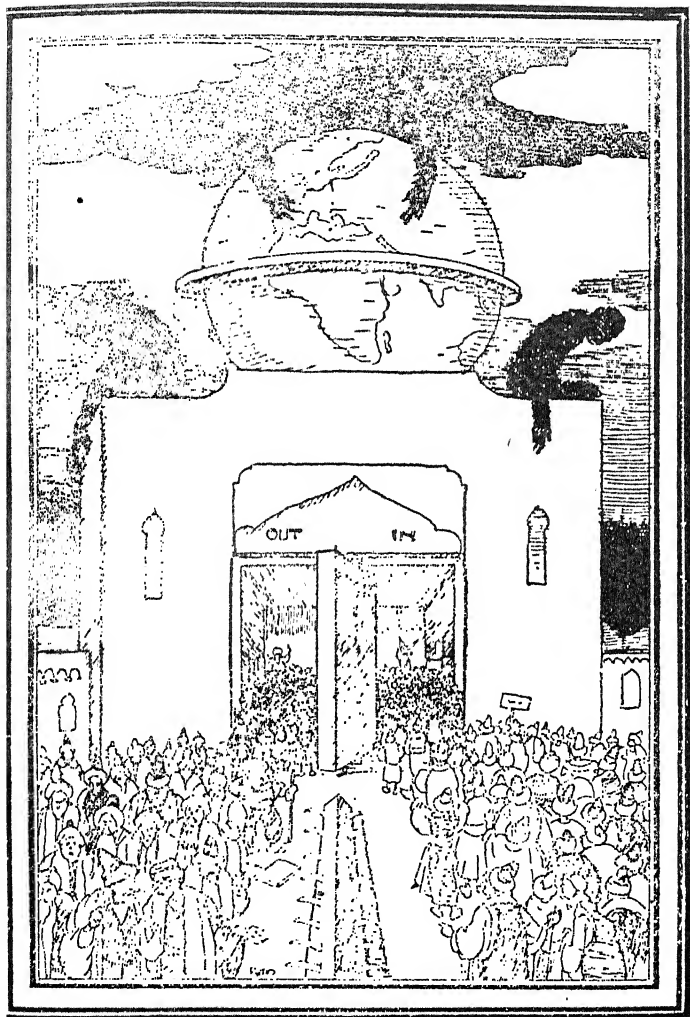


XXVI

Oh, come with old Khayyám, and leave the Wise  
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;  
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;  
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.



Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argum  
About it and about: but evermore  
Came out by the same Door as in I went.



## XXVIII

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,  
And with my own hand labour'd it to grow:  
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd-  
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."



Into this Universe; and *why* not knowing,  
Nor *whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing:  
• And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,  
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.





xxx

What, without asking, hither hurried *whence?*  
And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence!  
    Another and another Cup to drown  
The Memory of this Impertinence!



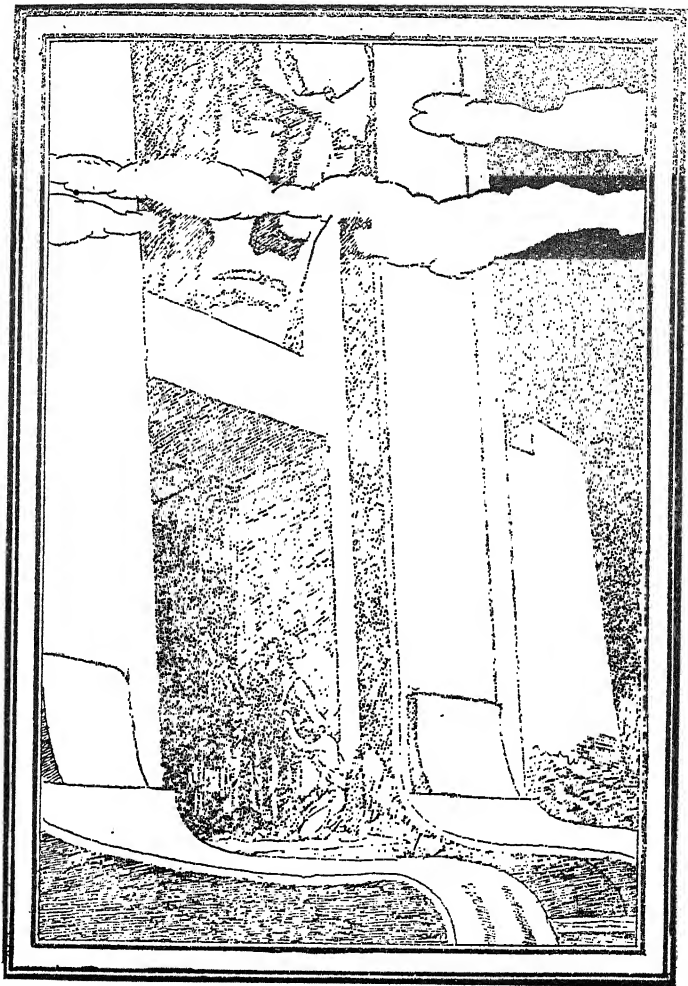
Up from Earth's Centre through the seventh Gate  
 I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,  
     And many Knots unravel'd by the Road;  
 But not the Knot of Human Death and Fate.

**Saturn**—The lord of the seventh heaven. In medieval learning the seven heavens represented the seven liberal arts; therefore, Omar has used all the arts in attempts to solve the riddle of the universe.



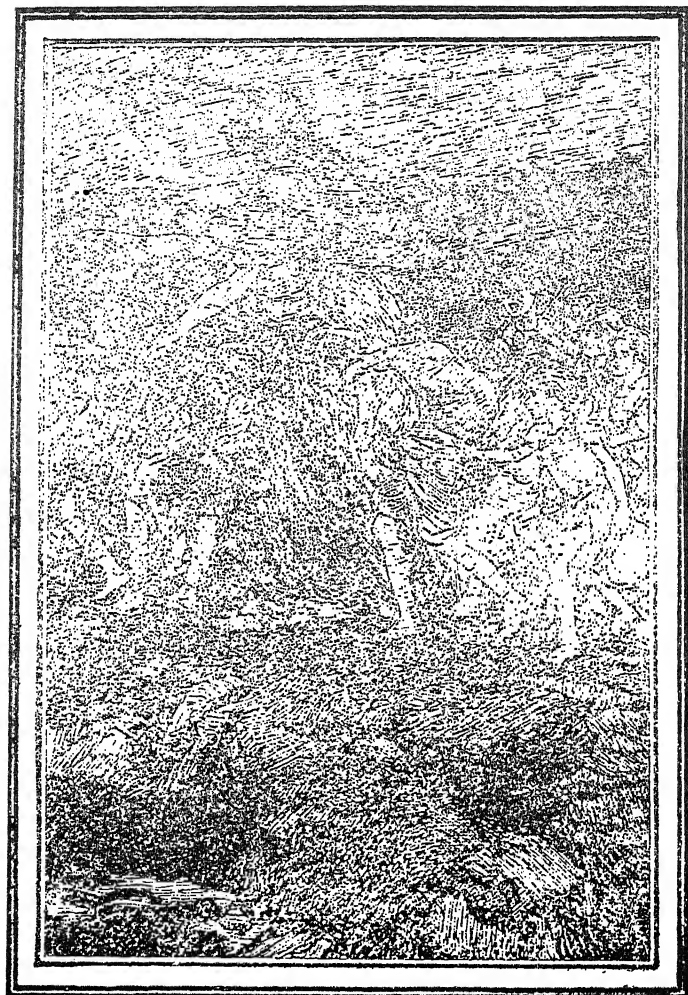
There was a Door to which I found no Key:  
There was a Veil past which I could not see:  
Some little Talk awhile of ME and THEE  
There seemed—and then no more of THEE and ME.

*Me and Thee*—That is to say, distinct personalities as differentiated from the depersonalized whole of existence.



XXXIII

Then to the rolling Heav'n itself I cried,  
Asking, "What Lamp had Destiny to guide  
Her little Children stumbling in the Dark?"  
And—"A blind understanding!" Heav'n replied





XXXIV

Then to this earthen Bowl did I adjourn  
My Lip the secret Well of Life to learn:

And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While you live,  
Drink!—for once dead you never shall return."



XXXV

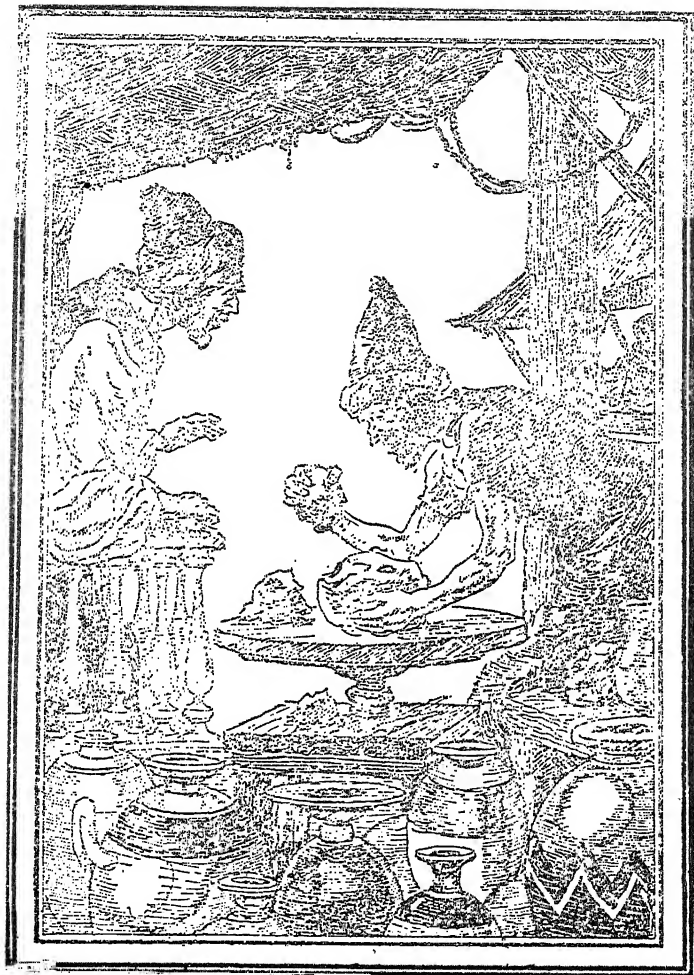
I think the Vessel, that with fugitive  
Articulation answer'd, once did live,

And merry-make; and the cold Lip I kiss'd  
How many Kisses might it take—and give.



XXXVI

For in the Market-place, one Dusk of Day,  
I watch'd the Potter thumping his wet Clay:  
And with its all obliterated Tongue  
It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"



Ah, fill the Cup:—what boots it to  
How Time is slipping underneath  
Unborn To-MORROW and dead  
Why fret about them if To-DAY be





XXXVIII

One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,  
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste—  
The Stars are setting, and the Caravan  
Starts for the dawn of Nothing—Oh, make haste!



XXXIX

How long, how long, in infinite Pursuit  
Of This and That endeavour and dispute?  
Better be merry with the fruitful Grape  
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.



You know, my Friends, how long since in my  
House

For a new Marriage I did make Carouse:

Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,  
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.



XLI

For "Is" and "Is-NOT" though *with* Rule and Line,  
And, "UP-AND-DOWN *without*, I could define,  
I yet in all-I only cared to know,  
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

"Is" and "Is-not"—A jest at his hairsplitting studies.

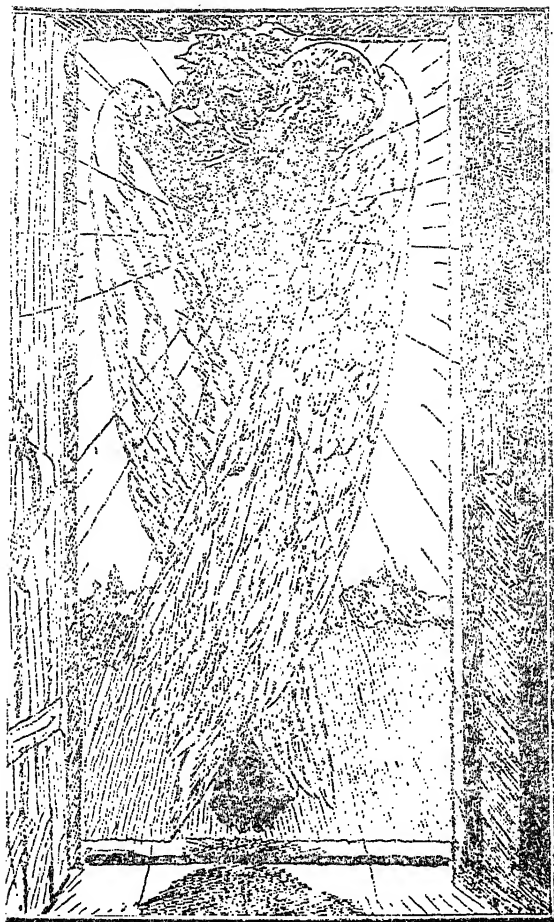




XLII

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,  
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape,  
    Bearing a vessel on his Shoulder; and  
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!

*Angel Shape*—Azrael, the angel of death, who watches over the dying, and separates the soul from the body.



XLIII

The Grape that can with Logic absolute  
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:  
The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice  
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute.

*Two-and-Seventy Sects*—The world was said to be made  
of seventy-two religions.\*



XLIV

The mighty Mahmúd, the victorious Lord,  
That all the misbelieving and black Horde  
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul  
Scatters and slays with his enchanted Sword.

*Mahmúd*—This alludes to the Sultán's conquest of India and its dark-skinned people.



XLV

But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me  
The Quarrel of the Universe let be:

And, in some corner of the Hubbub coucht,  
Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee





XLVI

'or in and out, above, about, below,  
Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,  
Play'd in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,  
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.

*gic Shadow-show*—A magic lantern composed of a cylinder, on whose inside are painted figures, which revolves round a lighted candle.



XLVII

nd if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,  
nd in the Nothing all Things end in—Yes—

Then fancy while Thou art, Thou art but what  
hou shalt be—Nothing—Thou shalt not be less.



While the Rose blows along the River Brink,  
With old Khayyám the Ruby Vintage drink:

And when the Angel with his darker Draught  
Draws up to thee—take that, and do not shrink!

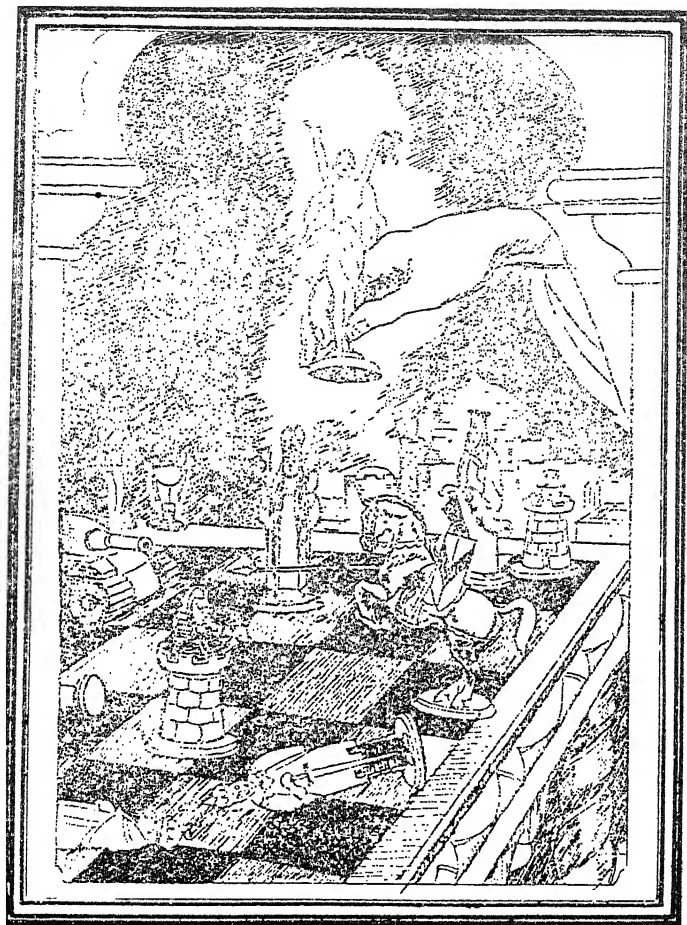


XLIX

Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days  
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:

Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,  
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

*Chequer-board*—Used in the game of chess, which originated in the East.





L

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,  
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes;  
And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field,  
*He* knows about it all—He knows—HE knows!

*Ball*—Used in polo, which game also originated in the East



LI

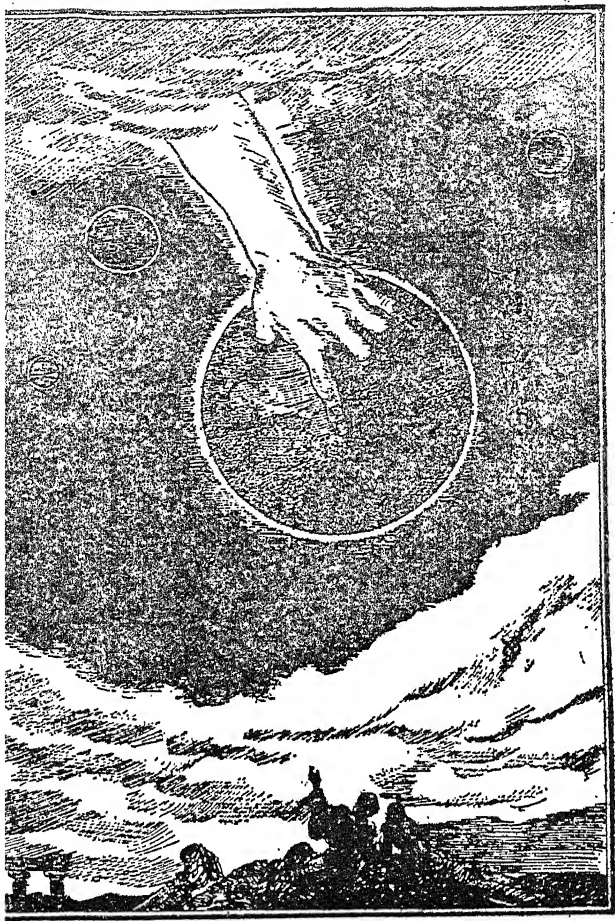
The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit

Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,  
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.



LII

And that inverted Bowl we call The Sky,  
Whereunder crawling coop't we live and die,  
Lift not thy hands to *It* for help—for *It*  
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.



LIII

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man's  
    knead,  
And then of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:  
    Yea, the first Morning of Creation wrote  
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.





I tell Thee this—When, starting from the Goal,  
Over the shoulders of the flaming Foal  
Of Heav'n Parwín and Mushtarí they flung,  
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul.

*Parwín and Mushtarí*—The Pleiades and Jupiter, which were in the ascendancy at Omar's birth.



The Vine had struck a Fibre; which about  
 It clings my Being—let the Súfi flout;  
 Of my Base Metal may be filed a Key,  
 That shall unlock the Door he howls without

*Súfi*—A Mohammedan mystical ascetic who desires nothing  
 and possesses nothing.

LVI

And this I know: whether the one True Light,  
Kindle to Love, or Wrath consume me quite,  
    One Glimpse of It within the Tavern caught  
Better than in the Temple lost outright.



LVII

Oh Thou who didst with Pitfall and with Gin  
Beset the Road I was to wander in,  
Thou wilt not with Predestination round  
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin?

Gin—A snare or trap.



LVIII

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,  
And who with Eden didst devise the Snake;  
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man  
Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness give—and take!

\* \* \* \* \*





## KUZA NÁMA

Listen again. One Evening at the Close  
 Of Ramazán, ere the better Moon arose,  
     In that old Potter's Shop I stood alone  
 With the clay Population round in Rows.

*Kúza Náma*—"The Book of Pots."

*Ramazán*—The ninth month of the Mohammedan calendar, a  
 time of strict fasting from dawn to sunset

*Better Moon*—The new moon.



And strange to tell, among that Earthen Lot  
Some could articulate, while others not:

And suddenly one more impatient cried—  
“Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?”



Then said another—"Surely not in vain  
My substance from the common Earth was ta'en  
That He who subtly wrought me into Shape  
Should stamp me back to common Earth again."



Another said—"Why, ne'er a pceevish Boy  
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in  
Joy;

Shall He that *made* the Vessel in pure Love  
And Fansy, in an after Rage destroy!"





None answer'd this; but after Silence spake  
A Vessel of a more ungainly Make:

“They sneer at me for leaning all awry;  
What? did the Hand then of the Potter shake?”



Said one—"Folks of a surly Tapster tell,  
And daub his Visage with the Smoke of Hell;  
They talk of some strict Testing of us—Pish!  
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."



LXV

Then said another with a long-drawn Sigh,  
"My Clay with long oblivion is gone dry:  
But, fill me with the old familiar Juice,  
Methinks I might recover by-and-by!"



So, while the Vessels one by one were speakin'  
 One spied the little Crescent all were seekin'  
 And then they jogg'd each other, "Brothe  
 Brother!

Hark to the Porter's Shoulder-knot a-creakin'

\* \* \* \* \*

*Crescent*—The moon in its last quarter, nearing the end of the month of fasting.

*Porter's shoulder-knot*—A shoulder pad used for carrying heavy loads—here, for bringing up wine after the fast.





LXVII

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,  
And wash my Body whence the life has died;  
And in a Windingsheet of Vineleaf wrapt,  
So bury me by some sweet Gardenside.



LXVIII

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a Snare  
Of Perfume shall fling up into the Air,  
As not a True Believer passing by  
But shall be overtaken unaware.

*True Believer*—That is to say, a Mohammedan.



LXIX

Indeed, the Idols I have loved so long  
Have done my Credit in Men's Eye much wrong:  
Have drown'd my Honour in a shallow Cup,  
And sold my Reputation for a Song.



LXX

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before  
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?

And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-  
hand

My thread-bare Penitence a-pieces tore.





And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,  
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour—well.

I often wonder what the Vintners buy  
One half so precious as the Goods they sell.



Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!  
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should  
close!

The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,  
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows



LXXIII

Ah, Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,  
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then  
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!



LXXIV

Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,  
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again:

How oft hereafter rising shall she look  
Through this same Garden after me—in vain!



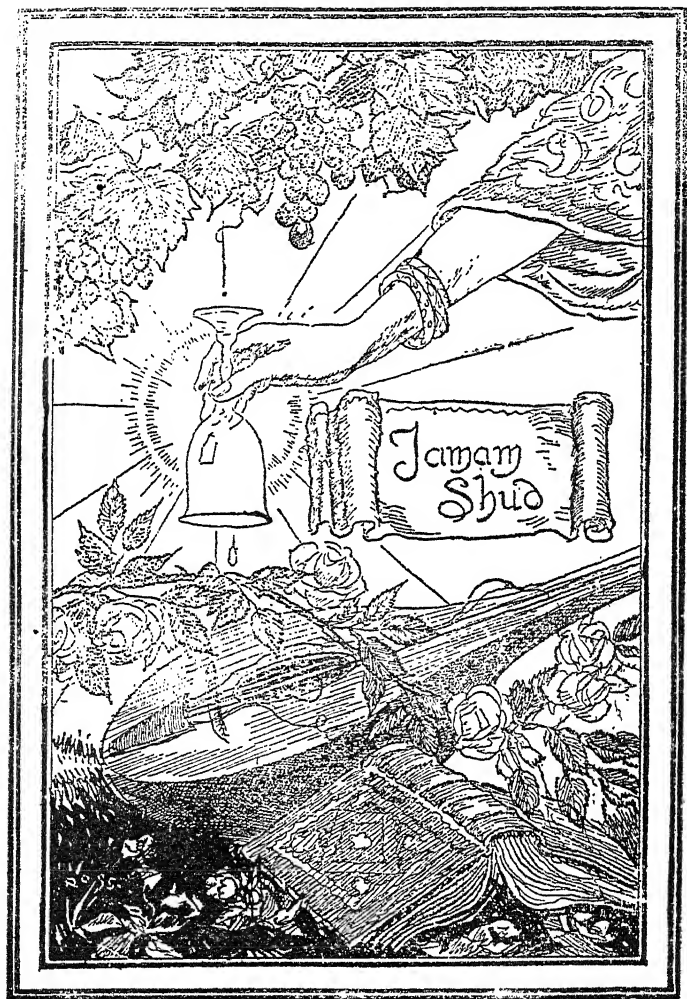


LXXV

And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass  
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on The Grass,  
And in Thy joyous Errand reach the Spot  
Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass!

TAMÁM SHUD

*Tamám Shud*—It is completed.



RUBAIYAT  
OF  
OMAR KHAYYAM

THE FIFTH AND LAST EDITION  
OF THE FITZGERALD TRANSLATION

I

WAKE! For the Sun, who scatter'd into flight  
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,  
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and  
strikes  
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

II

Before the phantom of False morning died,  
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,  
“When all the Temple is prepared within,  
“Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?”

III

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before  
The Tavern shouted—“Open then the Door!  
“You know how little while we have to stay,  
And, once departed, may return no more.”

IV

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,  
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,  
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough  
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

V

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,  
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;  
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,  
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

VI

And David's lips are lockt; but in divine  
High-piping Pehlevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!  
"Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose  
That sallow cheek of hers to' incarnadine.

VII

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring  
Your Winter garment of Repentance fling:  
The Bird of Time has but a little way  
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

ether at Naishápúr or Babylon,  
ether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,  
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,  
e Léaves of Life keep falling one by one.

IX

h Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say:  
, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?  
and this first Summer month that brings the Rose  
ll take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

X

ll, let it take them! What have we to do  
h Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?  
et Zál and Rustum bluster as they will,  
Hátim call to Supper—heed not you.

XI

h me along the stríp of Herbage strown  
t just divides the desert from the sown,  
Wherè name of Slave and Sultán is forgot—  
l Peace to Mahmúd on his golden Throne!

XII

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

XIII

Some for the Glories of This World; and some  
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;  
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,  
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

XIV

Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo,  
Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,  
At once the silken tassel of my Purse  
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

XV

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,  
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain  
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd  
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

## XVI

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon  
 Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,  
     Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,  
 Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

## XVII

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai -  
 Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,  
     How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp  
 Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

## XVIII

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep  
 The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:  
     And Bahráh, the great Hunter—the Wild Ass  
 Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

## XIX

I sometimes think that never blows so red  
 The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;  
     That every Hyacinth the Garden wears  
 Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.



And this reviving Herb whose tender Green  
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—

Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows  
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

## XXI

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears  
To-day of past Regrets and future Fears:

*To-morrow*—Why, *To-morrow* I may be  
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

## XXII

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best  
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,

Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,  
And one by one crept silently to rest.

## XXIII

And we, that now make merry in the Room  
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,

Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth  
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,  
 Before we too into the Dust descend;  
 Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,  
 Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare,  
 And those that after some TO-MORROW stare,  
 A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries,  
 "Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There."

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd  
 Of the Two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust  
 Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn  
 Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
 Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument  
 About it and about: but evermore  
 Came out by the same door where in I went.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,  
 And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;  
 And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—  
 "I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

## XXIX

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing  
 Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;  
 And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,  
 I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

## XXX

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence*?  
 And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!  
 Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine  
 Must drown the memory of that insolence!

## XXXI

Up from Earth's Center through the Seventh Gate  
 I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,  
 And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road;  
 But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

## XXXII

There was the Door to which I found no Key;  
 There was the Veil through which I might not see:  
     Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE  
 There was—and then no more of THEE and ME.

## XXXIII

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn  
 In flowing Purple, of their Lord Forlorn;  
 Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd  
 And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

## XXXIV

Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind  
 The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find  
     A lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,  
 As from Without—"THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!"

## XXXV

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn  
 I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn:  
     And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While you live,  
 "Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return."

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive  
 Articulation answer'd, once did live,  
 And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I kiss'd,  
 How many Kisses might it take—and give! •

## XXXVII

For I remember stopping by the way  
 To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:  
 And with its all-obliterated Tongue  
 It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

## XXXVIII

And has not such a Story from of Old  
 Down Man's successive generations roll'd  
 Of such a clod of saturated Earth  
 Cast by the Maker into Human mold?

## XXXIX

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw  
 For Earth to drink of, but may steal below  
 To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye  
 There hidden—far beneath, and long ago.

As then the Tulip for her morning sup  
 Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks up,  
 Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n  
 To Earth invert you—like an empty Cup.

Perplexed no more with Human or Divine,  
 To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,  
 And lose your fingers in the tresses of  
 The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,  
 End in what All begins and ends in—Yes;  
 Think then you are TO-DAY what YESTERDAY  
 You were—TO-MORROW you shall not be less.

So when that Angel of the darker Drink  
 At last shall find you by the river-brink,  
 And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul  
 Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

XLIV

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,  
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,

Were't not a Shame—were't not a Shame for him  
In this clay carcass crippled to abide?

XLV

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest  
A Sultán to the realm of Death addrest;

The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrash  
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

XLVI

And fear not lest Existence closing your  
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;

The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has pour'd  
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

XLVII

When You and I behind the Veil are past,  
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,

Which of our Coming and Departure heeds  
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste  
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste—

And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has reach'd  
The NOTHING it set out from—Oh, make haste!

Would you that spangle of Existence spend  
About THE SECRET—quick about it, Friend!

A Hair perhaps divides the False from True—  
And upon what, prithee, may life depend?

A Hair perhaps divides the false and True;  
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue—

Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,  
And peradventure to THE MASTER too;

Whose secret Presence through Creation's veins.  
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains;

Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi and  
They change and perish all—but He remains;



LII

A moment guessed—then back behind the Fold  
 Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd  
 Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,  
 He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

LIII

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor  
 Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door,  
 You gaze TO-DAY, while You are You—how then  
 TO-MORROW, when You shall be You no more?

LIV

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit  
 Of This and That endeavor and dispute;  
 Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape  
 Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

LV

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse  
 I made a Second Marriage in my house;  
 Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,  
 And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

## LVI

For "Is" and "Is-not" though with Rule and Line  
 And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,  
 Of all that one should care to fathom, I  
 Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

## LVII

Ah, by my Computations, People say,  
 Reduce the Year to better reckoning?—Nay,  
 'Twas only striking from the Calendar  
 Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday.

## LVIII

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,  
 Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape  
 Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and  
 He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!

## LIX

The Grape that can with Logic absolute  
 The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:  
 The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice  
 Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute;

LX

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord,  
That all the misbelieving and black Horde  
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul  
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

LXI

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare  
BlaspHEME the twisted tendril as a Snare?  
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?  
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?

LXII

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,  
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,  
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,  
To fill the Cup—when crumbled into Dust!

LXIII

Of threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!  
One thing at least is certain—*This* Life flies;  
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;  
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

LXIV

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who  
 Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through,  
 Not one returns to tell us of the Road,  
 Which to discover we must travel too.

LXV

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd  
 Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,  
 Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep  
 They told their comrades, and to Sleep return'd

LXVI

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,  
 Some letter of that After-life to spell:  
 And by and by my Soul return'd to me,  
 And answer'd "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell:"

LXVII

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,  
 And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,  
 Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,  
 So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

## LXVIII

We are no other than a moving row  
 Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go  
     Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held  
 In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

## LXIX

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays  
 Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;  
     Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,  
 And one by one back in the Closet lays.

## LXX

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,  
 But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;  
     And He that toss'd you down into the Field,  
*He* knows about it all—*HE* knows—*HE* knows!

## LXXI

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
 Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit  
     Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,  
 Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,  
 Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,  
 Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for *It*  
 As impotently moves as you or I.

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,  
 And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:  
 And the first Morning of Creation wrote  
 What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

YESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did prepare;  
 TO-MORROW's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:  
 Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor  
 why:  
 Drink! for you know not why you go nor where.

I tell you this—When, started from the Goal,  
 Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal  
 Of Heav'n Parwín and Mushtarí they flung,  
 In my predestined Plôt of Dust and Soul.

The Vine had struck a fiber: which about  
 It clings my Being—let the Dervish flout;  
     Of my Base metal may be filed a Key  
 That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

And this I know: whether the one True Light  
 Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,  
     One Flash of It within the Tavern caught  
 Better than in the Temple lost outright.

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke  
 A conscious Something to resent the yoke  
     Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain  
 Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid  
 Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-allay'd—  
     Sue for a Debt he never did contract,  
 And cannot answer—Oh the sorry trade!

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin  
Beset the Road I was to wander in,

Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round  
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,  
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:

For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man  
Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give—and take!

\* \* \* \* \*

As under cover of departing Day  
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,

Once more within the Potter's house alone  
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,  
That stood along the floor and by the wall;

And some loquacious Vessels were; and some  
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.



## LXXXIV

Said one among them—"Surely not in vain  
 My substance of the common Earth was ta'en  
 And to this Figure molded, to be broke,  
 Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

## LXXXV

Then said a Second—"Ne'er a peevish Boy  
 Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;  
 And He that with his hand the Vessel made  
 Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

## LXXXVI

After a momentary silence spake  
 Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;  
 "They sneer at me for leaning all awry:  
 What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

## LXXXVII

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—  
 I think a Súfi pipkin—waxing hot—  
 "All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me then,  
 Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

"Why," said another, "Some there are who tell  
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell

The luckless Pots he marr'd in making—Pish!  
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

## LXXXIX

"Well," murmured one, "Let whoso make or buy,  
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:

But fill me with the old familiar Juice,  
Methinks I might recover by and by."

## XC

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,  
The little Moon look'd in that all were seeking:

And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother! Brother!  
Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

\* \* \* \* \*

## XCI

Ah, with the Grape my fading life provide,  
And wash the Body whence the Life has died,

And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,  
By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

That ev'n buried Ashes such a snare  
 Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air  
     As not a True-believer passing by  
 But shall be overtaken unaware.

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long  
 Have done my credit in this World much wrong:  
     Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow Cup,  
 And sold my reputation for a Song.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before  
 I swore—but was I sober when I swore?  
     And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand  
 My thread-bare Penitence a pieces tore.

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,  
 And robb'd me of my Robe of Honor—Well,  
     I wonder often what the Vintners buy  
 One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

XCVI

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!  
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!

The Nightingale that in the branches sang,  
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

XCVII

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield  
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd,  
To which the fainting Traveler might spring;  
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

XCVIII

Would but some winged Angel ere too late  
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,  
And make the stern Recorder otherwise  
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

XCIX

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,  
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then  
Re-mold it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—  
 How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;  
     How oft hereafter rising look for us  
 Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

And when like her, oh Sáki, you shall pass  
 Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,  
     And in your joyous errand reach the spot  
 Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

# THAÏS

by

ANATOLE FRANCE

(Nobel Prize Winner : 1921)

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